

# THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.



Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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## A Legend of Bretagne.

Beneath the waves that beat to-day so lightly  
Upon the rugged Breton shore,  
There lies a sunken city, grand and sightly  
As in the far-off days of yore:  
And still on holy-days of obligation  
The bells in all the churches there  
Peal forth in gladsome tones of jubilation,  
And call the pious folk to prayer.

So, then, you doubt? Come when soft gales are stealing,  
And when the mighty sea is calm,  
And you shall hear the sweet bells' joyous pealing,  
A thing divine, a sacred psalm.  
Or come when storms have made the ocean frantic,  
And wrathful in its wild desires,  
And in the hollows of the fierce Atlantic  
You then may see the tips of spires.

Deep in my heart there lies a sunken city,  
And through its streets there glide the ghosts  
Of charity, and hope, and love, and pity,  
Arrayed in silent, peaceful hosts.  
The temple there, made for God's habitation,  
These spirits seek for Heavenly rest,  
And meekly faithful, with no exultation,  
They evermore pursue their quest.

And when serenely slumbers life's wide ocean,  
And careless of my needs I grow,  
I hear the echoes of their fond devotion  
Rise from the spirit depths below.  
And angry storms, the placid calm disturbing,  
Awake no longer fierce desires,  
For, rising through the deep, all passion curbing,  
Appear cross-mounted tips of spires.

Gone is the past; yet in its legends mystic  
There dwells so much of fair and dear—  
So much to make life true and realistic—  
We love their blessed words of cheer.  
Then o'er their teachings let us gladly ponder,  
And, when the waves of passion roll,  
Let us recall, before we blindly wander,  
The sunken city of the soul.

E. R., IN *Ave Maria*.

As the shadows of the sun are largest when  
beams are lowest, so we are always least when we  
make ourselves the greatest.

## Eleanor C. Donnelly.

The literary character of Eleanor C. Donnelly, faultless as it is, is so gracefully and so marvellously superseded by those higher attributes,—the strong spirit of faith, and the delicate odor of spirituality, which pervades all her poems, all that she writes,—that for a simple student to essay a criticism would seem almost presumption; but as the object of our attempt is less the instruction of others than the benefit to be derived by ourselves, we will wave all apology and proceed to speak of those charming emanations of her prolific pen which have edified the Catholic world for the past fifteen years.

Writing, as we are, in the glorious month of May, we will begin with her inimitable "May Carols." Often have we pictured a scene in our imagination of

"A dear old Jesuit chapel,  
A small but blest retreat,  
Where walls of massive granite  
Shut in the narrow street."

It is of the May season; it may be evening, it may be morning; but while the numberless wax tapers burn on the altar of our Blessed Lady, and the sight is entranced by the vision of loveliest flowers, and the beauty which surrounds the altar of Mary, we hear a choir of many sweet singers; but thrillingly rich, and penetrating above all others, is one voice that ravishes the heart, and moves the coldest to devotion. It is that of Miss Donnelly herself; and from her own heart she utters in a melody, not of earth, song that her loving skill has woven with all the magic grace of poetic art. We can almost follow hymn by hymn the angelic "Carols" published in the last pages of her beautiful work, "Crowned with Stars," as we listen to the wondrous pathos of her voice. What could human lips utter of sentiments more worthy, pleadings more irresistible than these:

"Queen of the skies, so brightly fair,—  
So mild, so chaste, so meek!  
We beg thy love, we claim thy care,  
Thy children frail and weak;  
Behold our prayers, like incense, rise,  
Queen of the skies!  
Mary, loved Mary, Queen of the skies!

"The shadows of a sinful earth  
Are hov'ring o'er our way;

O thou who gav'st a Savior birth,  
 Be thou our guide, our stay!  
 Oh! turn on us thy loving eyes,  
 Queen of the skies!  
 Mary, loved Mary, Queen of the skies!  
 "The fragrant wreath for thee we twine,  
 To thee our voices raise;  
 As round thy chaste and holy shrine  
 We hymn our notes of praise.  
 O hear our prayers, receive our sighs,  
 Queen of the skies!  
 Mary, loved Mary, Queen of the skies!"

As in transferring from the garden a rich spray of exquisite roses we are unwilling to separate the flowers, and bear them to the vase as nearly as possible in the same position as they unfolded, so we could not refrain from giving the third carol entire lest we might mar the perfection by division.

When in many a convent chapel, and many a church where the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin is maintained in full fervor, white-veiled children have sung these touching words, were not the tones they evoked more like the echoes of heaven than sounds of earth? Who can tell how many hearts, pure and stainless now, but for those angelic measures had fallen! What an incalculable impetus may have been imparted to momentous enterprises for God and Holy Church, which otherwise would have been overthrown, when Our Blessed Lady listened to the accents of innocent lips rejoicing in her own favorite season:

"Tis the month of our Mother,  
 The blessed and beautiful days  
 When our lips and our spirits  
 Are glowing with love and with praise:  
 All hail to dear Mary,  
 The guardian of our way!  
 To the fairest of Queens  
 Be the fairest of seasons, sweet May!"

We cannot better express our idea of the lofty value attaching to these productions than by recalling the fact that, long before we knew their source, we supposed they were written by ecclesiastics who, like Father Faber and Father Ryan, caught the mystic strains from the Altar when offering up the Holy Sacrifice. If we may indulge in one more quotation from the "May Carols," we will return to the legitimate order and speak of the volume "Crowned with Stars," an amended edition of which lies before us:

"As the gentle spring uncloses,  
 And the winter fades away,  
 Sunlight glistens, lilies blossom,  
 As we greet the month of May.  
 As we hail its peerless Queen,  
 Mary, Mother of delight!  
 In her own especial season,  
 Sing her praise from morn till night.  
 Mary, Mother sweet,  
 Mary, Mother fair,  
 Virgin Queen discreet,  
 Hear, oh! hear our prayer!"

Unto Jesus pray  
 That each day  
 We may grow like thee, our Queen of May!"  
 "Dearest Mother! we remember  
 How, at one request of thine,  
 Jesus, at the marriage festa,  
 Changed the water into wine.  
 At our feast, ah! let the water  
 Of our tears thy pity move!  
 Beg, oh! beg thy Son to change it  
 To the wine of perfect love!"

We feel almost sure of our assertion when we say that not in the entire range of similar productions could anything more completely subserve its object than the "May Carols." It is verging on towards half a century, certainly more than a quarter, since the touching hymns to the Blessed Virgin, "*Ave Sanctissima*" and "Fading still Fading," by Mrs. Hemans, were first extant. Written by a non-Catholic, yet so thoroughly Catholic in spirit that the world has spontaneously taken them up and made them universally popular, we would not detract an iota from their *prestige*; yet they are equalled if not greatly excelled by many like gems of Miss Donnelly.

"The Twelve Stars of Our Lady's Crown," upon examination, we find to be a commemoration in exquisite verse of the twelve principal graces and virtues of the Blessed Virgin, viz.,—the Immaculate Conception, sacred to the peerless virtue of purity; her Nativity named with the virtue of Simplicity. Then follows her Presentation, corresponding with generosity. Her hidden life in the temple, illustrating the grace of recollection. But we will interrupt the enumeration by calling attention to the delicate adaptation of each wonderful trait to the subject with which it is coupled. By this means we hope to show how justly each is called a star, and how worthy the twelve are to be regarded as identical with those seen by St. John in the Apocalypse. Star the fifth answers to Humility, and honors the Annunciation. Here permit us to give the striking illustration of the virtue in the "*Eccc ancilla Domini!*"

"She did not say to Gabriel,  
 With mild but most majestic mien:  
 'Behold the Mother of thy Lord,  
 Behold thy Sovereign Queen!'  
 But with her lovely virgin head,  
 Like some fair, golden flower bent,  
 'Behold the handmaid of the Lord!'  
 She said, in meek consent."

In star the sixth we pay homage to the mystery of the Visitation to St. Elizabeth and to the virtue of Fraternal Charity. Star the seventh extols the dignity of Poverty, and the divine Maternity of Mary,—

"The stable door is very low,  
 And mean and small,—stoop down, proud head!  
 Nor dare with thought of self to go  
 Into that humble roadside shed!"

This, with the last addressed to the Blessed Virgin, embodies the spirit of the supernatural vir-

tues which the loving heart of the writer so gracefully portrays—

“And when the world’s rude Bethlehem  
Shall on Thy dear ones close the door,  
Oh! may our hearts make room for them,  
And Christ, therein, be born once more!”

Star the eighth is devoted to the grand virtue of Obedience, in remembrance of our Lady’s Purification. Show us more perfect poetry than the following:

“No sound in the hush of the Temple is heard  
Save the coo of the Babe, in His murmurings sweet,  
And the coo of the Doves at Simeon’s feet,—  
Bird answering bird.”

Star ninth scintillates for the glory of the Flight into Egypt and Holy Detachment. One sweet picture from this alcove, and we will desist, if possible, from throwing another shadow across the sweet light of these stars, by giving only the broken rays:

“Mysterious vision! clear and high  
The stars, like jewels, stud the sky;  
The slender, crescent moon sails up,  
Inverted, like a silver cup;  
And not a sound the silence breaks  
Save when the giant palm-tree shakes  
Its ripe fruit down.”

Star tenth is Fidelity—the Hidden Life of Our Blessed Mother at Nazareth. Star eleventh corresponds to Our Lady’s Dolors, and her self-immolation. We must yield to our impulse and quote the tenth stanza:

“Hark! ’tis His voice: ‘I thirst.’ On such sweet lips  
The purest dews of heav’n should, cooling, fall!  
Alas! alas! amid the dark eclipse  
His mouth is drenched with vinegar and gall!  
Earth’s countless fountains cannot here afford  
One draught of water for their dying Lord.”

Star twelfth corresponds with Divine Love. The closing canticle sustains the beauty of its predecessors, and is followed by legends and lyrics for the Children of Mary. Of these some are so familiar to our lips and our hearts that they seem almost to belong to us, like the air we breathe or the light by which we see. This is strikingly true of “Pippo’s Vision,” “*Mater Misericordiae*,” “The Sisters,” and “The Statue of St. Joseph.”

There are poems of Miss Donnelly’s not yet collected into a volume which are among the most remarkable. Many of them, as well as of the above quoted, were written for our own publications at Notre Dame. Some of the late poems, as, for example, “In Re Martin Luther,” give new evidence of admirable mental vigor, and a fearless moral courage, which heightens our homage to her genius. Of the poems which are collected in a volume entitled “*Domus Dei*,” “A Legend for Lent,” “Revere the Church thy Mother,” and “Under the Sanctuary Lamp” are the most familiar, though, perhaps, not more beautiful than many others.

The “Vision of the Wounds” and “Minnie’s Christmas Sermon” are specimens of perfect de-

votional poems. For adaptation to their purpose, they cannot be surpassed. They have evidently found their source in a heart full of the most lively and intelligent faith. The fruit they bring forth in the hearts of others is that of renewed ardor and love for the religion, for the Church which has so deeply imbued the heart of the writer.

Crude as is our effort, we feel, far more than we are able to express, the noble position which Miss Donnelly holds in the literature of the present day. There is no comparison between her and any other living Catholic poet or poetess with whom we are acquainted, and, we may add, with any of whatever creed. The rythmical music of “*Mater Misericordiae*,” and many stanzas of “Our Lady of Good Counsel” exceeds that of the weird and revolting poem, “The Raven,” by Edgar A. Poe.

As for beauty of imagery, few can equal her; for sublimity of theme, not the angels in heaven can surpass her. From these facts we are led to conclude that our century, our nation has been blessed with a true poet; one worthy of the title in its broadest, in its most delicate sense. This is a gift for which we can never be thankful enough, since poets are to literature, to society, to the Church of God, what the birds and the rills are to the summer woodland—the voice of their beauty and the interpreters of their glory. Should any cavil at this remark, let them remember that the Prince of Theologians, the Angel of the Schools, was a poet—and at every Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament we delight to chant the golden measures that his majestic mind first framed.

L. G. FENDRICH.

ST. MARY’S.

#### American Literature.

CHARLES F. PORTER, ’85.

The great literary progress and advancement of America during the last century is unprecedented in the history of any nation. A century ago our sister-countries across the waters accused us—and perhaps with some justice—of being a people who valued merely political and material advancement, and as being intent only on mercenary gain and success. Our literature was held up for their sneers and contempt, and was deemed unworthy even of criticism. True, we had no very great literary geniuses; but the fact was overlooked that we were a young nation, just beginning to form in character, habits, tastes and dispositions; and the critics did not consider that from a nation passing through such a state no great literary talent could or should be looked for. In this we were but like all other nations. Consider the nationalities of Greece and Rome, the most famous in ancient, and of England and France, perhaps the most renowned nations of modern times. It was fully three hundred years from its rise as a distinct people that a Homer rose; and more than seven hundred years before the noontide splendor of the age of Pericles dawned upon Greece, after she had beaten back

the might of the Persian invader at Marathon and Plataea, and had shown her great skill in military affairs. It was after the names of Scipio and Cæsar had carried terror to the ends of the world that the age of Augustus, over seven hundred years after the birth of Rome, was graced by the names of a Virgil, a Horace, a Livy, an Ovid, a Sallust, and a Cicero. It was not until the reign of Louis XIV that the great names in French literature appeared, and that reign was in the eleventh century of the existence of the French nation; and, lastly, in England, five hundred years had come and gone before the name of the immortal Bard of Avon appeared; and we have to go still later to find the names of Milton and the brilliant galaxy of the reign of Queen Anne. In order to expect the birth of the renowned historian or poet, a nation must first acquire material for history or poesy.

But little more than one hundred years have passed away since first it was proclaimed that "those United Colonies are, and of a right ought to be, free and independent States," and yet such stars of brilliant genius have risen in our literary firmament that we can well dispute the palm of literary excellence with the best writers of the European continent. In the short space of one hundred years we have produced names worthy of being compared with the greatest of the Old World, and not suffer by the comparison.

In Oratory we can point to Everett, Clay, Calhoun, and Webster. Clay, brave and chivalrous, who could rouse the passions and feelings of all his hearers, and whose productions are noted for "magnificence of imagination, brilliancy of fancy and poetic thought;" Calhoun, the acute and keen debater, whose words have truly been said to go to their object as straight as a ball shot from a rifle; Everett, the erudite and versatile, truly called a "poet, scholar, and statesman," all in one; and Webster,—noble-minded Webster—whose ornaments were "majestic compositions, connecting the thought of the philosopher with the the superb generalization of the best historian, and enriched with the flowers of fancy and poesy." In History, Bancroft, Prescott, Irving and Motley have all added to this department of literature "a wealth of information, a discrimination in selection of material, a comprehensiveness and clearness of view, a fervor of treatment, and felicity of style which have rendered their works permanently valuable." In our Catholic literature, Archbishop Spaulding and John Gilmary Shea have, by their indefatigable efforts, done much to dispel the prejudice existing against Catholics in America. All these have, by the learning, philosophical treatment, and literary finish of their works won for our literature a lasting renown.

Fiction has but a slight foothold in a new country, owing to the want of association of a mythical, legendary, or even historical character attaching itself to the land and its worthies, and besides this want in our country it also had to contend with the gravely austere and intensely practical Puritans who were the leading characters in our early history.

The first American novel of note was the "Spy" of James Fennimore Cooper, who stands among the leaders of our writers of fiction. He has given in his pictures of the wilds of America and their simple, untutored inhabitants, tales which have gained a fame that will die only with the English language. Not even the marvellous tales of the Crusaders, arrayed in all the gorgeous coloring of the times of chivalry, create a deeper impression on the reader than the touching and simple tales of the "Last of the Mohicans," the "Pioneer," and the "Prairie." Well has he been styled the Walter Scott of America, for he has, like the famed author of "Ivanhoe," been successful in immortalizing the hills and forests of his native land; and his "Leather Stocking Tales" are not unworthy of a comparison with the "Waverly" novels.

Cooper has taken his place among the great novelists of the age; his works have been translated into almost every European, and even into some of the Asiatic languages, and have been admired and praised by everyone. "The Red Rover," "The Water Witch," "The Two Admirals," "Wing and Wing," and "The Pilot," have placed him at the head of nautical novelists where he still stands without a rival. Another great name in the department of fiction is Nathaniel Hawthorne, who stands forth prominently among the most successful of American novelists. "The Marble Faun," "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Scarlet Letter," and "Mosses from an Old Manse" have gained for him a wide and enviable fame. His style is that of a master, highly finished, pure, delicate, and forcible.

Washington Irving, the Goldsmith of America, is certainly the morning star of American literature. He may be considered as a historian, biographer, novelist, an essayist, humorist, and a traveller. The letters of Johnathan Oldstyle, Gent., have seldom been surpassed for their sentiment and humor, joined with their clearness, polish, and harmonious diction of style. Among his humorous writings, the "Knickerbocker History of New York" and his "Rip Van Winkle" contain a wealth of humor, pathos, and sentiment; his "Granada," "Alhambra," and "Conquest of Spain" bring back in fancy and cause to rise up before us "a panorama of the life and pomp, the squalor, the festivity, the crimes, the anguish, and the possible vicissitudes of human experience that have, through the long past, swept in successive waves through the marble halls and gilded courts of Cordova and Granada." His "Columbus" and "Washington"—"the delight of readers and the despair of critics"—are models of research and a graceful, well-regulated style. Ralph Waldo Emerson, the philosophical essayist, although rather misty in his philosophy, has enriched the language with the exquisite transparency and beauty of his verse and prose. We now come to a name that recalls to our memory one of the most powerful intellects America has ever produced,—that name which fills every Catholic heart with grateful remembrances—Dr. Orestes A. Brownson. He is truly a philosopher. His great

power as a writer lies principally in the exposition of the fundamental principles of faith and reason. When he developed these principles and their consequences he appeared as if armed with the club and might of Hercules with which he crushed the Hydra of error with its several heads of heresy, infidelity, and atheism. "His style is as clear and forcible as the train of thought and reasoning of which it is the expression." A certain child-like simplicity and candor, an apparent love of truth which sought for no disguise, and a boldness of spirit which took no account of earthly considerations give to his writings a singular charm and influence. He has left behind him the cherished memory of a great man and a lasting fame.

Among our poets, Holmes, Saxe, and Lowell represent the humorists, and their productions are also enriched with genuine pathos and sentiment. Holmes, the "Pope of America"—whose lyrics ring and sparkle like cataracts; and whose serious pieces—as successful in their way as those mirthful follies of his muse for which he is best honored—arrest the attention by touches of the most genuine pathos and tenderness." Saxe, satirical, humorous, sentimental, and pathetic, by some thought our greatest humorist; Lowell, witty, ingenious, probably the most versatile of our poets, with his clear, accurate, and vivid verse, charming by "the copiousness of his illustrations, the richness of his imagery, the easy flow of his sentences, the keenness of his wit, and the force and clearness of his reasoning." Poe, "the intensest and the most idiosyncratic" of our poets, was truly a being of caprice and impulse, devoid of high principle and sensibility; but his poems abound with passages of vigor and exquisite beauty, which win admiration even from those who clearly recognize underneath them the working of an erratic mind and a diseased heart. He was "a man whose remarkable genius it were folly to deny." Whittier, the American lyrist, can be comprehended and accepted by those "who have little of poetic culture or of fancy and imagination." He is truly a poet, a lover of humanity; and his burning lines address themselves more to the sound heart and the common sense of the many than the cultured intellect and the polished judgment of the few. Bryant, the American poet, loved to paint in words the woods, the fields, and the streams of his native land; "to describe in lifelike lines and colors the multiform features of Nature, and to interpret their speech and the lessons of beauty, sublimity, and moral import" which lie hid beneath them. Longfellow is undoubtedly our greatest poet; he is the poet of the people, and one who is not shamed by being ranked with the best of the Old World. He was a born poet; with such a storehouse of learning and culture at his command, he has enriched the language with a profusion of poems interspersed with prose works and translations. His verses are prized for the "exuberance and beauty of his language, the harmonious flow of his verse, and the striking appositeness of his imagery;" they appeal to the hearts of all mankind, and will last forever!

Thus, we have taken a cursory glance at some of our great literary names, and the list may be increased fourfold. When we consider them, and the youthfulness of our nation, we may well be proud, and, pointing to them, ask of any nation to show us such great names blazoned on the pages of the first century of their existence. Truly may we claim to be as progressive in literature as we are acknowledged to be in material affairs, and our literature has laid the foundation of future eminence.

### San Francisco.

SUGGESTED BY DEAKIN'S PICTURE.

Imperial commerce throngs her gates.  
Her golden gates that open to the sea,  
Where, like a queen, the city waits  
Her tribute from the isles of Araby.  
Hers are the riches, shipped from Eastern shores  
That lent their swiftness to Venetian oars.  
Not hers the shame that cursed green Adria's bride  
And swept to ruin her dishonored pride.

No cry of slaves within her marts,  
No booted tyrant stamping out her life,  
No secret laws that hold as arts  
The poisoned banquet and the traitor's knife,  
Bring evil here, but free Columbia's stars  
Shine out deliverance over cruel bars.  
Bride of the sun, there is no shadow now  
Of storm or combat on thy proud young brow.

MARION MUIR.

### Art, Music, and Literature

—Nearly twenty-two thousand dollars were paid for sixty of the paintings lately exhibited at the National Academy in New York.

—The Count of Paris will soon publish a history of the reign of his grandfather, the writing of which has interrupted his work on the "History of the Civil War in America."

—According to the rule that the medal of the Paris Salon should not be awarded unless an artist obtained an absolute majority of votes after three "scrutins," the medals for painting and sculpture will not be awarded this year.

—A marble group representing a meeting of Columbus and Queen Isabella, and costing \$30,000, has been presented to the State of California by Mr. D. O. Mills, of San Francisco. The group has been severely criticised as a work of art, one California critic declaring that there is no more soul in it than there is in a door-plate.

—The juvenile inhabitants of Berlin have grown so musical in their tastes that a petition to the city Police Department is now in circulation requesting that the practice of the art be by ordinance confined to such hours as will least interfere with the intellectual pursuits of the neighbors, who consider the eternal piano thrumming an insupportable nuisance.



—The German *Postal Gazette* contains the intelligence that a Post Office is about to be erected on Mount Sinai, the monks in the Cloister of St. Catharine having arranged for a regular communication with the port of Tor, at which the Egyptian steamers stop. For a handsome tribute, the Bedouins of the neighborhood agreed to let the mail carrier pass through their territories unmolested.

—The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just reprinted "The Works of the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes" in one large octavo volume, and the price has been reduced from \$8 for the two-volume edition to \$3.50 for the one-volume edition. This places the book within the reach of everyone. Few works contain more stirring episodes in the history of this country during the life of the great Archbishop.

—Messrs. Burns & Oates, London, are about to issue a translation of such of the works of Henri Conscience as are not yet familiar to the English reader. The series will begin with "The Iron Tomb," one of the most popular of all the charming tales from the pen of the author of "The Lion of Flanders" and "The Curse of the Village." It will be for sale in New York by the Catholic Publication Society Co.

—King Ludwig, of Bavaria, is again indulging in the fantastic pleasure of having a series of Wagner's operas performed at the Royal Theatre at Munich with himself for an audience. Each representation costs this august and solitary spectator forty thousand marks, and the performances are to be continued for a period of three weeks, during which time the public is, of course, deprived of its theatrical recreation, although the Royal Theatre is national property.

—Dentu, the French publisher, who died a short time ago, was what they call in Paris a "personality." He was the third in succession to the direction of one of the most illustrious publishing houses in Europe, and every scholar who has taken a promenade beneath the arcades of the *Palais Royal* will remember Dentu's windows. The house was founded at the close of the last century, and for a very long time its specialty was the publication of political pamphlets or social satires; but the Dentu who has just died succeeded in securing a monopoly of the publication of the works of members of the *Société des Gens de Lettres*, and soon made an enormous fortune. Undoubtedly he published much trash, but his name was also connected with the names of most of the great writers of the last twenty-five years.

#### Scientific Notes.

—The *Polyclinic* states that the use of paper towels in cleansing wounds has been found very satisfactory. Sponges have always been regarded with suspicion by surgeons, as it is so difficult to keep them in a perfectly purified condition. But the paper towels are to be used once only, and, as they cost only from \$6 to \$7.50 per 1,000, are available in the sick room. They are from Japan,

and the pale colors with which they are decorated are found to be unobjectionable.

—The Swedish frigate *Vanadis* has been despatched on a voyage of scientific investigation round the world. The main object of the voyage is the collection of ethnographical specimens for the museum to be established in Stockholm. The scientific leader of the expedition is Dr. Hjalman Stolpe, and the second son of the king, Prince Oscar, goes with him. The Straits of Magellan and Polynesia will be the stations claiming most attention. The University of Upsala has contributed five thousand francs for the purchase of specimens.

—Dr. Wilson, an Englishman, in studying the maladies of the scalp, conceived the idea of counting the mean number of hairs of the human head. After most careful and minute investigations, he has established that to each square inch of the scalp there are 1,066 hairs; and as the human head has a mean surface of about 120 square inches, the number of hairs is 127,920. The excellent and painstaking doctor has not stated that his measurements were not made on such heads as resemble a billiard-ball, but one may suppose that they were rather taken on some of those that were like the historical long-haired head of Absalom.

—Greenland furnishes a good illustration of the manner in which the earth's history is read from fossils and geology. Fossils of four climates, all warmer than the present icy one, are found in that country. Remains of the oak and the maple tell us that the climate was once very similar to that of England to-day, and the coal found lower down shows that something approaching tropical heat prevailed at an earlier period. The fossils of certain sea creatures appear on the land and prove that Greenland once lay beneath the sea and that its water was temperate; while the coral obtained still lower down must have grown when the waters were still warmer.

—An anthropometrical laboratory has been opened at the Health Exhibition in London. The laboratory has been organized by Mr. Francis Galton, and it will be the means of showing to the public at large how certain personal facts may, with care, be measured and recorded. Each person who enters will be furnished with a pamphlet explanatory of the objects of anthropometry, and included in the pamphlet will be a schedule with blank spaces, which will be filled up in the course of the passage of the visitor through the laboratory. The completed schedule will contain a record of name (or initials), age, sex, occupation, place of birth, color of hair and eyes, height standing and sitting, weight, length of span of arms, strength of squeeze and pull, swiftness of direct blow, capacity of chest as measured by a spirometer, acuteness of vision as measured by a test type, conditions of color sense, and acuity of hearing.

—Here is an old-fashioned prescription, says the *St. James's Gazette*, for the benefit of persons who may be too busy to attend the Health Exhibition. It is contained in the "Hundred Mercy Talys,"

from which Shakespeare's *Beatrice* was accused of borrowing her wit, and over which Shakespeare himself had doubtless many a hearty laugh. "A certayn artificer in London there was whyche was sore seke, and coulde not well dysgest his mete. To whom a physicion cam to give hym counsell, and sayd that he must yse to ete metes that be lyght of dygestyon and small byrdis, as sparowes, swallowes, and specyally that byrd which is called a wagtayle, whose flesch is meruelouse, lyght of dygestyon, bycause that byrd is euer mouying and stiryng. The seke man, herynge the physicion say so, answered hym and seyde: 'Sir, yf that be the cause that those byrds be lyght of dygestyon, then I know a mete moch lyghter of dygestyon than other spatow, swallow, or wagtayle, and that is my wyues tong, for it is neuer in rest, but euer mouying and sterryng.' By this tale ye may lerne a good generall rule of physyke."

—Dr. Reinsch, a German chemist, has found, as the result of a long series of minute investigations, that the surfaces of 50-pfennig pieces which have been long in circulation in Germany are the home and feeding ground of a minute kind of bacteria and vegetable fungus. An extended series of observations showed that this is the case with the small coins of all nations, the thin incrustation of organic matter deposited upon their surfaces in the course of long circulation rendering them very suitable for this parasitical settlement. Dr. Reinsch scraped off some of these incrustations, and with a small scalpel, divided them into fragments, which were subsequently dissolved in distilled water. The employment of lenses of a very high power showed the bacteria and fungi distinctly. This is a matter of no little importance, from a hygienic point of view. It has now been conclusively established that bacteria form the chief agency in the propagation of epidemic disease. The revelation that they have a chosen domicile in the most widely circulating medium which probably exists in the world, presents us with a new factor in the spread of infectious disease. There is, however, a remedy. Where coins have been in circulation for a number of years, if they are washed in a boiling weak solution of caustic potash they will be cleansed from their organic incrustation, and so freed from the unwelcome guests which they harbored.—*Sun.*

#### College Gossip.

—There is now a cry in Wisconsin that the four State Normal Schools are a failure.

—A Harvard graduate has a salary of \$3,000 per annum. He is a baseball pitcher.

—The average salary of all college professors in the United States is \$1,530 per annum.

—A female college is to be founded in Florence, Italy, by the International Educational Association, of which Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Miss Catharine Wolfe are members.

—A noble but modest friend made a donation of \$5,000 to the college last week, with the one

condition that his name be not published. Thanks to the unknown friend. Now we can have a gymnasium.—*Monmouth Collegian.*

—The *De Pauw Monthly* laments because of the failure of her representative to take the honors at the State Oratorical Contest. We sympathize with the college of Indiana and hope that the "supposed conscientious" judges will never again give the honors to colleges of "lesser note."—*Wabash.*

—The *Harvard Crimson* says there are but three persons in the United States who have received the three honorary degrees of Doctor of Divinity, Doctor of Laws and Doctor of Literature, they being Professor Wilson, of Cornell; President Barnard, of Columbia, and President McCosh, of Princeton.

—According to the report of the United States Commissioner of Education for 1882, the value of the grounds, buildings and apparatus of Pennsylvania's 26 colleges is \$4,000,000; of Ohio's 35, \$3,200,000; of Illinois' 28, \$2,500,000; of Indiana's 15, \$1,220,000; of Massachusetts' 7, \$1,310,000; of Connecticut's 3, \$478,000; of the 375 in the United States, \$43,500,000.—*Northwestern.*

—It is announced in the Hungarian paper *Magyar Allam* that, in consequence of the late Papal Encyclical against Freemasonry, the students of the eight classes of the Gymnasium of Kalocsa, of their own initiative, have solemnly made a vow before the Lady Altar of the Jesuit Church of that city never to enter any secret society during their lives. After a short address by Father Rosty, S. J., each of the students read aloud his vow written out in his own handwriting, which he afterwards placed in the hands of the Father.—*Catholic Review.*

—The Yale University Crew have adopted for their race with Harvard a new stroke known as the Cook stroke. It is said to be a much more scientific one than that used of late years. It has none of the vicious snap and jerky recover which alternately twitched the boat out of water and then brought it to a dead standstill, but is a steady, determined, and fierce pull at the oar from the time it drops into the water until the finish is reached. In it the arms are straight out, the back rigid, and the legs are brought in connection with the sliding seat, into full play. The result is a stroke in which every particle of strength in the boat is absorbed. There is a gradual recover of the body, while the recover of the arms and hands is short and sharp, but graceful. This throws the oar back quickly for a fresh stroke, while a slower movement of the body does not so seriously retard the boat as did last year's stroke. The crew made thirty-six of these strokes per minute in one trial spurt.

#### EPIGRAM.

Quoi! est la faculte  
Perdant sa tête? Non pas!

Parceque cela était  
Perdu bien long temps il y a.

—*College Journal.*

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, June 21, 1884.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the SEVENTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

## THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC Contains:

choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day.

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame.

Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students.

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in class, and by their general good conduct.

Students should take it; parents should take it: and, above all,

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,  
Notre Dame, Indiana.

—If nothing untoward happens, we shall issue a special number of the SCHOLASTIC on the morning of Commencement Day—Wednesday next.

—It is feared that the blessing of the statue, previously announced for the 14th of September next, shall have to be postponed, owing to the failure of the English Electric Company to have their supplies ready on time. We hope to give further particulars in a future number.

—"Many pages of matter, actually in type, and numbers of letters, articles and reports, are crowded out from this number of *The Catholic Review*. Our experience is, that were this paper published daily there would be abundance of matter to fill it, even were there nothing but Catholic interests to suggest the news."—*Catholic Review*, June 14.

We hope the day is not far distant which will witness the realization of Mr. Hickey's cherished idea. A Catholic daily newspaper is certainly a *desideratum*, and one which in view of the rapid growth and development of Catholicity in the United States should no longer remain unsatisfied. If a Catholic daily can be supported in France, why not here in our country? The Catholics are certainly numerous enough, and the good to be realized therefrom is incalculable. It goes without saying that the too frequent misrepresentation of Catholic news, both foreign and domestic, is an evil to which it is of vital importance to furnish an

adequate remedy. Besides, and in addition to this, we are obliged to wait for days before a fitting answer can be made to adverse opinions expressed editorially and otherwise. In the mean time, misconceptions and prejudices are formed which but too often find deep root and become at length difficult of removal. A daily Catholic newspaper, with its headquarters in the metropolis and its army of reporters and correspondents throughout the country, would prove a power in the service of the Church while easily holding its own with secular journals. Certainly if Catholics were to take the matter to heart and manifest their interest by an earnest and timely support, this great feature in American journalism would, in a very short time, be an accomplished fact. It is our sincere hope that this interest will be awakened; that a New York Catholic daily, with Mr. P. V. Hickey at its head, will see its first number before many months have elapsed.

—The SCHOLASTIC is published to-day the 21st of June, on the festival of St. Aloysius, the patron of youth. This fact, to a Catholic heart, is of itself a sufficient justification for any remarks which may be made in a college paper in relation to the saint. To others we would simply say,—and if they but think aright they will not deny it—that man is taught much and learns greatly by example; that the holding up to the youthful mind of a good and holy model—one according to which he should conform his own life and conduct—cannot fail to leave a lasting impression and be productive of most salutary fruit. Now, in all the bright galaxy of saints and heroes that have adorned the Church and the pages of history from the time the Apostles first went forth to preach the Gospel of Christ down to our own day, there is not one whose life and character can be studied and imitated with greater benefit by the young student in college than that of St. Aloysius whom the Church has wisely named the Patron of Youth.

He was born in the year 1568, of rich and noble parents, the honors and endowments of whose position he despised when, as he grew up, he chose to consecrate himself to God in the service of religion. He died at the early age of twenty-four, in consequence of exposure resulting from his heroic ministrations to the sick during the time of a plague. During his whole life he proved himself the wonder and bright ornament of modern times—the unspotted mirror of innocence and purity. Those who were the most intimate with the youthful Aloysius and knew perfectly all the



dispositions of that angelic mind and heart bear witness that never in the slightest degree did he offend against the angelic virtue of purity, and it is this that has made him the bright model and shining example for the guidance of the young.

Viewed only in the light of reason, how grand and sublime is this priceless virtue of purity! How ennobled is the man with a pure heart, whose mind is raised above the influence of the senses, who can rise superior to the propensities of his lower nature, and let the God-given light of reason rule and dominate all his powers! The experience of daily life teaches that it is the moral man who gains respect,—who does his duty and meets with the success and reward due to his efforts; while the libertine, as he becomes, almost necessarily, more and more a slave to his passions, sinks deeper and deeper in the mire of sensuality, and, unless saved by some extraordinary interposition of Divine Providence, closes a miserable career, the victim of the inevitable effects of his slavery. And, to what reason dictates in regard to the sublimity and excellence of this virtue, religion adds a further and a higher sanction by the presentation of the likeness which the pure of heart bear to the angels of God and the consequent increased reward that awaits them, while it presents before the vicious the terrors of increase of punishment amid the horrors of undying torments.

It is in the early springtime of youth that the seeds of this virtue must be sown and made to take deep root. And therefore all the young who have at heart the welfare of both soul and body—who would wish to take their position in life honored by their fellow-men and pleasing in the sight of their Creator—may well study and take as their patron and model the Saint whose festival is celebrated to-day—St. Aloysius Gonzaga.

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#### The St. Cecilians' Annual Reunion and Banquet.

Last Saturday afternoon, at 4 p. m., the day and the hour arranged upon for the 26th Annual Reunion and Banquet of the St. Cecilia Literary and Dramatic Society, found a large number of invited guests assembled in the college parlors. About a quarter past four all adjourned to the banquet hall—the Juniors' dining room, which had been tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers, and presented a refreshing and tasty appearance. The Cecilians never do things by halves, and under the direction of Prof. Joseph A. Lyons, the worthy director, and the gentlemanly committee of arrangements and ushers, the annual banquet of the associ-

ation was one of those happy events that will not soon be forgotten.

About two hundred—among them many former members of the society—sat down to the bountiful store of good things prepared by the good Sisters in charge of the culinary department. Among the distinguished guests present were the Very Rev. E. Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, and the Rev. Joseph Rézé, one of his Assistant Superior-Generals; Very Rev. A. Granger, C. S. C.; Rev. T. E. Walsh, President of the University; Rev. D. J. Spillard, C. S. C., Rev. N. J. Stoffel, C. S. C., Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., Prof. J. F. Edwards, LL. B., Mr. Joseph F. Smith, the artist, of Denver, Col., Bro. Leander and Bro. Anselm, C. S. C., and others of the Faculty. Letters of regret were received by the committee from Mayor Loughman, of South Bend; P. E. Studebaker, Esq., Hon. W. Miller, D. S. Marsh, Esq., P. O'Brien, Esq., Prosecuting Attorney Ford, and Judge Hubbard, and Chas. Walsh, Esq., of Chicago.

The large Junior dining-hall was nearly filled with Cecilians past and present, who, together with the assembled guests, sat down to the generous banquet spread for them.

During the dessert the Society's toast-master, Mr. D. G. Taylor, read an address to Very Rev. Father Sorin expressing the pleasure his presence at the banquet gave them, and congratulating him upon the success of the great educational work inaugurated by him and its wholesome influence upon society.

This was followed by the toasts, the first in order being that to the Pope.

"OUR HOLY FATHER POPE LEO XIII,"—under whose prudent guidance and salutary counsel the bark of Peter sails safely and unerringly on, undismayed by darkness and tempest, unchanged by daylight and calm, being steadfastly directed to the eternal light that gloriously shines beyond the gloom of human vicissitudes; may he live long in the care of God and the peace of Heaven, infusing new strength into Christian life and securing the gracious favor of Divine blessing for the bark he guides and all who believe in its exalted mission.

Responded to by Very Rev. Father General in a few happy remarks. He said when we speak of the Pope we speak of a man who never dies, who had lived through nineteen centuries and would continue to live until the end of time, directing the Church—the bark of Peter—by the light of the Holy Spirit. No one who had seen the Pope could doubt the divine mission given him. His friend Mr. Studebaker, who had seen Pope Pius the Ninth, would, he hoped, tell them what he thought of him.

Mr. Clement Studebaker—called upon by Very Rev. Father Sorin—made a really eloquent speech, albeit unknown to himself, it seems. He began by saying that most of those present knew that he was not a public speaker—his life had been directed in a different course—but we venture to say that before Mr. Studebaker had finished his remarks, his hearers were fully satisfied that he could not only direct successfully the largest carriage and wagon works in the world, but also make

a truly eloquent address in public, when called upon.

The occasion referred to by Father Sorin, he said, was that of a visit to Rome with his family, when through Father Sorin's favor he had the honor of meeting Pope Pius IX. He and his family would always remember with pleasure that visit, and the affable kindness with which they were received by that august dignitary. He was greatly pleased with the Pope's appearance,—he was evidently a man of character, a man of piety, a man of purity, and at the same time a man of dignity and simple affability. You know, he said, a great many Protestant people have no little prejudice in regard to the Pope and the Catholic Church, but I had no feeling of that kind, and I was delighted to see the Pope and to receive his blessing. You Catholics show great honor to your head, and that is as it should be. Every institution must have a head. Had it not been for this noble head here [Father Sorin] what would Notre Dame be to-day? Looking back over the thirty-four years that elapsed since the speaker became a citizen of South Bend, the thought of what had been done for the institution reminded him of what he had witnessed in an Eastern State. Visiting one of the great granite works in Westerly, R. I., he saw a number of statues, some in process of formation, others completed. "I said to one of the workmen who had been chiselling at one of the blocks eight months, 'How long does it take you to finish one of these statues?'" "About twelve months," was the answer. I said, 'It seems to me you would get tired at this work.' He said, 'We would get tired if it were not for the result.'

"There is a lesson in that for the young men of Notre Dame—to fit themselves for work by constant picking away, for many years, keeping in mind the end and the results, as those men did. It is this perseverance that has given the results attained by Notre Dame. As a citizen of South Bend and St. Joseph County I feel proud of Notre Dame. It is education that has given us the progress and improvements of this day. I could not run my factory without having intelligent men to fill the positions for various parts of the work. And you young men that have been sent here to be educated should take care to apply yourselves to your work. On this depends your success. You should apply yourselves to form a good and reliable character, and then build on that."

"OUR COUNTRY,"—the patriot's boast,—Columbia, the gem of the Ocean. Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears, our faith triumphant o'er our fears, are with thee.

Response by Prof. Hoynes, who said that although called upon unexpectedly, he was nevertheless pleased, as the toast was one that addressed itself to his fondest affections. It is not a sentiment peculiar to one age or one race, but is common to all men and to all races. It is a sentiment that does credit and honor to every heart. The Professor descanted in glowing and eloquent terms on the great future in store for our country, if true to herself, giving the warning note, however, that the full bloom and luxuriance of the autumn is

scorched by the burning sun and betokens an early decay unless refreshed by the rains and dews of Heaven. The love of home and country—whether of birth or adoption—is enshrined in every heart, and there is no nation or country in the world that commands, or deserves to command such lofty aspirations as our own Republic, where we see manhood rising to its greatest possibilities. We have here a country that we should love and protect. We should uphold its laws, and defend the nation under all circumstances. Professor Hoynes, who was once a soldier himself in defence of our great Republic, spoke at considerable length, combining the ardor of the patriot with the wisdom and eloquence of the bar.

"OUR ALMA MATER."—May her light continue to shine and penetrate the surrounding mists of ignorance and vice until all are led to bask in the genial rays of truth divine.

Responded to by Rev. President Walsh. Father Walsh said: They were nearing the close of the scholastic year, and looking back and seeing what has been done he acknowledged that the history of the past year was a very satisfactory one. There were many things that they had to congratulate themselves upon. There has been the largest attendance ever had at the College—no sickness to regret—no serious disorder:—among other things they had to congratulate themselves, on the completion of the grand dome,—and that the standard of studies had been raised, and was never higher than at present. The majority of the students feel a certain satisfaction at being connected with the University of Notre Dame, and pride of that kind could not be called a sin. "We should all work hard to give you more reason in future for a sentiment of that kind. We like to hear pleasant things said, and I would not if I could, and could not if I would, say an unpleasant thing of our students. Notre Dame is not satisfied to rest on its oars, as if nothing remained to be done in the future. All that has been done in the past is only a beginning. We feel that we would be unworthy of those who went before us and raised that magnificent structure in the midst of the forest if we failed to push on steadily on the lines they had traced out. There is a great work in store for Notre Dame, but we know that buildings do not make a great college—that we must have other things—that we must struggle to make Notre Dame known through the world as a centre of science, as a centre of learning—a centre of education from which shall go forth men of which the country as well as their *Alma Mater* will be proud—men whose scholarship will give it a reputation as indisputable as its prominence as a centre of art and religion. I have a cherished hope that there is a great future in store for Notre Dame—that it will bring forth men of whom the country will feel proud, that it will become worthy of the high aim of the noble men who founded it."

"THE HIERARCHY AND CLERGY OF THE UNITED STATES.—Pastors of the flock, promoters of education guardians of virtue, protectors of true liberty. May they continue zealous for the real interests of mankind and be rewarded eternally for the good they have done and will do."

Responded to by the Rev. D. J. Spillard, C. S. C. Rev. Father Spillard, voicing the sentiment of the toast, called attention to the great work done by the hierarchy and clergy in the United States since the days of its first and only Bishop, John Carroll, scarcely a century ago. The Church has not yet been organized a hundred years in this country,—for it was in 1790 Bishop Carroll was consecrated; the same who with his cousin, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and Benjamin Franklin had gone on a patriotic embassy to Canada, to strive to make friends for the struggling Colonies,—and we have to-day 14 Archbishops, 60 Bishops and seven thousand clergymen in the United States. "By their fruits ye shall know them;" the early Catholic hierarchy have brought forth magnificent fruits of their self-sacrifice and their devotedness to the honor and glory of God. We are justly proud of John Carroll, the first Bishop of the United States. He came to America to enjoy liberty,—he came here to plant the seed of the true religion; to learn the truth that would make him free, and it did make him free. It was befitting that the Pope should have made him the first patriarch of the Church in the United States, and the speaker felt some hesitancy in saying whether he and his successors and co-laborers were most devoted as men or as Bishops battling for religious liberty as well as for political liberty. They knew no such word as fail, and we point to them with pride. They have bequeathed to us a rich legacy—the example of their devotedness to God, to country, and to right.

"THE FACULTY OF NOTRE DAME.—Devoted to duty and diligent in discharging it, the members one and all respond to the lofty aim and entertain the cherished purpose that actuated the foundation, directed the growth, and tended to make successful this favored institution. May their work continue to keep pace in utility and salutary results with the progress of the University in its steady course toward the realization of its brilliant prospects, and may their prudent counsel and salutary instruction always afford ample assurance that students under their care are offered every incentive to become a credit to themselves and parents, an element of strength to the nation and an honor to their *Alma Mater*."

Responded to by the Hon. Andrew Anderson. Mr. Anderson, after some humorous remarks, said that he was always glad to come and talk to the boys; he was once a boy himself, and until he became a grandfather he always felt like a boy. He hoped that those who would soon be leaving these halls would practice the lessons they had learned here. When he thought of how much depended on the rising generation he felt like getting down on his knees and begging boys to do what was right, and avoid evil ways,—to labor for their own good and the conservation of society,—to lead noble lives, to do noble deeds; for the good which they will do will live long after they are gone. The learned gentleman that presided here when he first knew him was nothing more than a boy, who had left his home for the benefit of the boys since educated under his care. He lived the kind of life that he, the speaker, wished them to live. He worked earnestly, strenuously, until this grand institution was built up and gave forth its beneficent results. He said the members of the Faculty la-

bored for the welfare of the students committed to their care; he advised the students to honor and respect them, and he could assure them that their lives would be blessed.

"THE PRESS—mighty in its influences for good or evil; the grand conductor of useful knowledge or startling ideas of man. May its energy be ever found on the side of justice, honor and virtue."

Responded to by T. A. De Weese, of the *Tribune*.

"OUR SISTER SOCIETIES—fostered by intelligence and congenial spirits: may they be ever united in the pursuit of learning and virtue."

"OUR COLLEGE DAYS. The germs of manhood's perfect prime. May we so improve them now that the retrospect may afford unalloyed satisfaction."

Responded to by Prof. T. E. Howard, A. M. Prof. Howard, an old student of Notre Dame, and for many years afterwards an honored and respected member of the Faculty, made a very touching, eloquent and scholarly speech on his college days and the tender and pleasant memories connected with them. It was strange, too, he said, that in after years we often take as much pleasure in those that were not pleasant at the time as in the others, as they would no doubt find in after years. What would be remembered with the greatest pleasure, however, would be their mental triumphs, or some good they had seen in others and which at the time attracted little attention which would be recalled when the mind and the heart expanded with admiration of the great, the pure, and the beautiful. It is this awakening of the mind that makes the reminiscences of college life so dear. They cling to the heart and the memory and give more pleasure than all else in after years. It is well said that college is the preparation for the other life—the preparation of the intellect, of the soul, of the body,—and this it is, he thought, that makes boyhood, and especially college boyhood, so pleasant a memory in after life. But even for the present there is no doubt that an occasion like this is very pleasant; and some of the lessons they had received this day from men who had once been college boys like themselves but had since experienced the turmoil and vicissitudes, the trials and triumphs of the world, were perhaps as valuable as any they had received during the year. As for himself, it was always a pleasure to come back here, where he had spent so many years of his life, and there was no company he enjoyed better than that of the students of Notre Dame.

"TO OUR INVITED GUESTS, whose presence here we highly appreciate and esteem."—That joy, contentment and prosperity may be theirs through life is the earnest wish of the members of the St. Cecilia Association. Through every changing scene of life may theirs be ever joy.

Responded to by Mr. J. Solon, of the Class of '84. Mr. Solon said that the presence of so many distinguished men—representatives of the Church, the bench, the bar, the press, the fine arts, and the great manufacturing and agricultural interests of the country—made the task of responding to the toast, "Our invited Guests," a pleasant one indeed. The presence of men who had gained so much renown for themselves in their various professions and callings was an honor which the St. Cecilians ap-

preciated, and it should be their grand aim never to show themselves undeserving of that honor. Mr. Solon spoke at some length, and in very eloquent terms, concluding with a fitting tribute of gratitude to the worthy director under whom the St. Cecilia Association had been so active and prosperous, and to whose self-sacrificing labors its success was in a great measure to be attributed—that friend whose genial kindness and devotedness all would remember in after years—Prof. Joseph Aloysius Lyons. Long may he be spared to continue his loving task;—long may the society prosper under his wise direction.

The speeches were all very fine, and the time passed pleasantly. We regret that our limited space prevents a more lengthy report of the many fine things said by the speakers, and that it excludes altogether the humorous and quaint remarks and side-splitting *mots* that enlivened the speeches. But they answered their purpose admirably, and will no doubt long be remembered in connection with the event which they helped to enliven and render more enjoyable.

Between the toasts, the company were favored with a solo and duett by Messrs. Ramsay and McIntyre, and a delightful German song by Prof. Joseph A. Ackerman which he accompanied on the guitar, an instrument that Prof. Ackerman handles and touches with an easy grace.

The St. Cecilia reunion and banquet of '84 are things of the past, but their memory and that of the many friends collected there will long remain enshrined in the heart. May it be the lot of all to meet at the reunion of '85!

#### Astrological Combinations for the Democratic Convention.

On the day of Full Moon, but eight hours after the opposition of the lights, the Democratic Convention will assemble in Chicago. Its sessions will therefore be all in the "dark of the moon," and it is likely that unforeseen results will follow. The nomination will probably be of one not now so much as dreamed of—a genuine "dark horse," in fact.

The moon is, at the outset, applying to trine with the unseen planets Neptune and Uranus, all in cold and dry signs: Capricorn, Taurus and Virgo. The moon is very weak in Capricorn, and it will take the members of the convention some time to "break the ice."

Mercury is applying to conjunction with the Sun, which he effects on the 11th, running high above that luminary, whence we may expect some brilliant oratory and the adoption of a Free Trade plank in the platform.

Venus is in conjunction with the Sun on the following day. She is retrograde, however, and runs south of the Sun. If the nomination is deferred until this date (the 12th) there will be a good chance for an old bachelor.

The opposition of the Moon to Jupiter, which

takes place early on the 10th, will, however, be the best time for selecting a nominee of thoroughly democratic principles. Her trine with Saturn, a few hours later, is also an auspicious moment.

Venus is in sextile with both Uranus and Neptune, at the opening of the Convention, and the Moon is about to form an opposition to her. Venus is generally a disturbing force in political conventions and should be narrowly watched. Nothing satisfactory must be expected until her opposition to the moon is past. Things will begin to look better on the 10th, which ought to be the decisive day. The favorable aspects which subsequently occur indicate proceedings begun in uncertainty and hesitation ending in the triumphant assurance of success.

GEORGIUM SIDUS.

#### Local Items.

- Only four days more!
- The *Class Annual* is out.
- Euglossians on Monday evening.
- Visitors are flocking in from all sides.
- Everyone should secure a *Class Annual*.
- Schaefer took the cake—and the ring, too!
- The Cecilians' Banquet was *ne plus ultra*.
- "Louis XI" will be produced Tuesday evening.
- The various societies are holding farewell meetings.
- H—— was *non inventus* when the strawberries were served.
- Prof. Paul's choir will be called into requisition to-morrow.
- A large number of books have been added to the Law Library.
- The examinations are in progress; they will be finished Monday.
- Send in your "locals" and "personals" for the Commencement number.
- The Staff acknowledge the receipt of invitations to the St. Cecilians' Banquet.
- Call at Father Maher's office and get a SCHOLASTIC before going, next Wednesday.
- The next issue of the SCHOLASTIC will be ready for distribution at ten o'clock, Wednesday morning.
- Delegates have been elected from our local temperance organizations to attend the Annual State Convention, to be held here Aug. 2d.
- A gold ring was found in the vicinity of Science Hall on Saturday last. The owner can get it by applying to Rev. Father Toohey.
- The following subscriptions for the Dome have been received: F. C. Drexel, Philadelphia, Pa., \$50.00; James Smyth, Cairo, Ill., \$10.00.
- Last Monday and Tuesday the examinations in the Musical Department were held. The examiners testified their great pleasure at the vast improvement made during the year.

—The examinations will be continued up to Monday afternoon. The averages will be read Monday evening, and published in the SCHOLASTIC which will appear after Commencement.

—Last Wednesday the Junior Temperance Cadets marched in procession, with fife and drum and flags flying, to Johnson's grove, where they picniced for the day. All report a most enjoyable time.

—The following is taken from a letter found in the Juniors' Campus:

"Pa, I guess Blaine will get elected, don't you? My Prof. of Sanskrit sed you were libral in your views. Say, pa, send me \$5 to put in the Missionary box.

"Yours truley,  
TOM."

—The 24th regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held on June 9th. Well-written compositions were read by E. Amoretti, J. Sokup, I. Bunker, and R. Papin. Declamations were delivered by W. McPhee, C. Brown, A. McVeigh, R. Morrison, F. Nester, F. Coad, V. Rebori, C. Lindsey, W. Devine, J. Wright, J. Devereux, F. Garrity, J. McGrath, and E. Thomas.

—Two special Pullmans have been chartered by Rev. Father Zahm to take the Western students to their homes. The cars run from South Bend to Denver and El Paso without change. They will go over the L. S. & M. S. R.R. to Chicago, and over the C. B. & Q. R.R. to Kansas City and Denver. From Kansas City to El Paso the party go over the Atchison, Topeka, & Santa Fé R.R. Every preparation has been made to give the travellers an enjoyable time.

—The L. S. & M. S. R.R. will furnish a special train on Wednesday at 5 p. m., and on Thursday at 8.30 a. m., for the accommodation of parents and pupils going West. These trains will arrive in Chicago in time to make necessary connections with outgoing Western trains. Special tickets will be furnished at the depot in South Bend by Mr. Raff, the ticket agent. A special car will be attached the 8.40 p. m. train on Wednesday for students and friends going East.

—The "Rocky Mountain" Minims, early this week, had a picnic in true Western style. They took with them to the banks of the St. Joseph River a supply of uncooked provisions, with which they prepared a dinner that would suit the taste of the most fastidious. A number of camps were formed under the direction of Masters McPhee, Scherrer, Amoretti, Ernest and Wright; and in a short time the fires were started, and life as it might be seen on the Western plains was enjoyed for the day. The picnic was gotten up by Father Zahm, ably assisted by Bro. Marcellinus and Mr. A. F. Zahm.

—The following is an outline of the programme of Commencement Exercises:

Monday evening—Oratorical Contest by the Euglossians.

#### TUESDAY.

8 a. m. .... Alumni Mass  
10.30 " .... Alumni Meeting

1 p. m. .... Alumni Banquet  
2 " .... Ball March  
4 " .... Regatta  
7 " .... Exercises in Washington Hall  
Cantata—Scenes from Louis XI, by the Thespians;  
Alumni Oration and Distribution of Premiums.

#### WEDNESDAY.

8 a. m.—Cantata, Valedictory, Oration of the Day, Confer-  
ring of Degrees, Class Medals, Honors, etc., etc.  
GRAND FINALE..... "Homeward Bound"

—Last Sunday evening, the Rev. A. B. Oechtering, of Mishawaka, addressed the Temperance Union of the University. Very appropriately, the subject of his address was "Temperance," which he treated in his well-known able and eloquent manner. He spoke of the blessings which the virtue of temperance brought with it, and vividly depicted the evils that followed in the train of intemperance. He related instances, which had come within his own experience as a parish priest, of young men being led, step by step, from an occasional glass to over-indulgence and a consequent record of shame and degradation. He exhorted his youthful hearers during the coming vacation to shun false, dangerous friends who would lead them to destruction. For upwards of an hour the Rev. speaker held the attention of his audience; and when he had concluded, an unanimous vote of thanks was tendered him for the pleasing and instructive evening he had provided.

—Last Wednesday morning the Seniors in a body, headed by the Band, marched in ranks to the grove north of St. Joseph's Lake, and there dispersed to enjoy a day of picnicing. The day promised to be a fine one, and the general aim seemed to be to make the most of the opportunity. Everything possible was done by those having charge to make the day one to be remembered with unalloyed pleasure. An unheralded rain-cloud, however, unburdened itself towards evening over the place, (on account of which, many condemnatory epithets were bestowed upon our astrologer—whose carlessness certainly invited reproof), and for a time cast a dampener on the proceedings; but all adjourned to the reading-rooms, where, by dancing and more refreshments, the spirit of the occasion was brought back, the astrologer was forgotten, and the day was ended without leaving cause to any for regret. The Seniors would here extend their heartfelt thanks to Bro. Paul for his untiring efforts in making the gathering a most pleasant one. The committee, consisting of Messrs. Farrell, Steis, Bannigan, Porter, Coghlin, Paschel, O'Kane, Mahon, Orchard, Gallagher, Reach, Crawford, Combe, Heatling and McMurray, deserve special thanks for the thorough way in which they forwarded Bro. Paul's unceasing efforts, and for their individual aid in making the picnic a perfect success.

—"The flower and chivalry" of the Junior department—better known as the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association—picniced to the Farm, one day last week. Needless to say, they enjoyed themselves, and for the pleasure afforded them



feel under obligations to their worthy Director, Prof. Lyons and their genial Prefect, Bro. Leander. One thing, however, they deem worthy of being chronicled, and it is thus described by one of 'em: "In the course of our visit, we were struck with the vacant appearance of everything. Everywhere we saw evidences of some mighty destroying agent, from which we inferred that the place had been visited by a cyclone or a tornado. This destruction was not confined alone to the outside, but also evidences were not wanting that the kitchen, the dairy, storehouse, and pantry had not been spared. We tried long to clear the mystery, but it was not till we were informed that our *Western cousins* had been there the previous Wednesday that we found any plausible explanation of the catastrophe."

### Roll of Honor.

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Anchondo, Ancheta, Alvarez, Arce, Baca, Bowers, Brosseau, Barron, Becerra, Browne, V. Burke, F. Burke, F. Combe, J. Carroll, C. Carroll, Coll, Cass, Cusack, Crawford, Callaghan, Creel, De Groot, De Wolf, Delaney, F. Diaz, A. Diaz, Ewing, L. Feltz, Fogarty Farrell, Grothaus, Gonsor, Gandrup, Goulding, Gonzalez, Gutierrez, Gray, J. Gallagher, Howard, Hamlyn, Johnston, Johnson, Kavanaugh, Kolars, Kleiber, Lechuga, McErlain, McKinnery, Marquez, C. Murdock, Mittendorf, J. McNamara, Madden, Mahon, G. O'Brien, Ott, O'Dea, O'Rourke, Orchard, Otis, O'Kane, O'Donnell, C. Paschel, H. Paschel, Pour, Rudge, Rogers, Reach, Rul, Solon, Steis, Slattery, Scholfield, Spencer, Saviers, E. Smith, J. Smith, Sanchez, Shields, Sagreda, Uranga, Warren.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Arnold, Anchondo, Barela, Borgschulze, Bertheliet, Baur, Barclay, Benner, Breen, Barnard, Cohen, G. Cartier, D. Cartier, Courtney, Curtis, Chaves, Cavaroc, Crilly, Cleary, Clarke, Costigan, Coleman, Dwenger, Devereux, Dorenberg, Dexter, Deaderick, Ewing, Fitzgerald, Fehr, Fendrich, Fierro, Foote, Finckh, Garrity, Gerlach, Grunsfeld, Hemisbaugh, Hagenbarth, E. A. Howard, E. J. Howard, Halligan, Huestis, W. Henry, B. Henry, Houlihan, Hagen, Houck, Holman, Hagerty, Jensch, Johnson, M. Kelly, J. Kelly, R. Lewis, Loesch, Leoni, Luther, Lane, Mulkern, Monschein, Muhler, Mug, Major, Martinez, McCollough, McDonald, J. McGordon, McGill, Mullane, O'Brien, O'Donnell, Plischke, C. Porter, E. Porter, Perley, Parres, E. Proudhomme, J. Proudhomme, Partillo, Rogers, Ruffing, Sedberry, Schmauss, L. Scheuerman, M. Scheuerman, Servis, Schott, Schaefer, Stubbs, Talbot, D. Taylor, Tarrant, Uranga, A. Warner, Wabraushek, Weiler, Wright, Williamson, Wilkes.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Adams, J. Addington, H. Addington, Amoretti, A. Arrache, S. Arrache, Boos, Bunker, Butterfield, Benner, Brown, Cole, Calvin, Comins, Crawford, Curtis, Crotty, Costigan, F. Coad, M. Coad, Cummings, Dirksmeyer, Delaplane, Devine, J. Devereux, A. Devereux, Dunford, L. Doss, E. Doss, L. Doss, Ernest, Fitzgerald, Fulwiler, F. Grimes, A. Grimes, Gibson, Garrity, Grunsfeld, Henry, Harris, C. Inderrieden, R. Inderrieden, Jones, Johns, Krause, J. Kelly, E. Kelly, La Tourrette, Landenwich, Lewis, B. Lindsey, C. Lindsey, Loya, Murphy, Manzanares, Meehan, Morrison, Morgan, F. Mullen, A. Mullen, W. McCourt, M. McCourt, J. McGrath, E. McGrath, T. McGuire, W. McGuire, McGill, McPhee, McVeigh, A. Nester, F. Nester, Noonan, M. O'Kane, B. O'Kane, Otis, O'Connor, R. Papin, V. Papin, Paden, Perkins, D. Prindiville, W. Prindiville, Quinlin, Quill, Quiggle, Rebori, Studebaker, Stange, Sumner, Schmitz, Salmon, Spencer, Shöneman, Sokup, L. Scherrer, E. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, Smith, Thomas, Uranga, West, Weston, W. Welch, A. Welch, Wright, L. Young, C. Young.

## Saint Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—The superior execution on the piano of the Misses Ada Shephard, Mary Bruhn, Mary Hale, and Elizabeth Keating, at the examination on Tuesday evening, is the theme of universal praise.

—Music Examinations have been going on every evening since the 9th inst. All are doing remarkably well as the premium list in the new Catalogue will show. Classes in Book-keeping were examined the first of this week.

—On Tuesday, the study-hall was darkened and the Second Senior Class in Chemistry presented some very pretty experiments in the presence of Very Rev. Father General, Fathers Shortis and Saulnier and the pupils.

—Friday was the patronal festival of the Minims' prefect. Little Maggie Ducey composed and read an excellent address; one which gave much pleasure, not only to the recipient, but to all who had the pleasure of hearing it read.

—The examinations in Catechism on Sunday were honored by the presence of Very Rev. Father General, Rev. President Walsh, Rev. Fathers Shortis, Spillard, Saulnier, and Fitte. The highest praises are lavished upon the pupils in Christian Doctrine and Catechism.

—The gold pen offered as a reward for excellent behavior by the late dear departed Prefect of the Juniors, Sister Mary of St. Rosa, was drawn for by the Misses Brown, Bailey, Chaves, Dillon, Duffield, Fehr, E., H. and S. Jackson, Keys, Murphy, Quill, Richmond, Schmidt, Sheekey, Shephard, Snowhook, Otis, and Vradenburg. The last-named was successful.

—The beautiful and favorite festival of Corpus Christi is like that of the Nativity of our Lord. It is so full of all that is most holy, expressed in what is most touching to the heart and lovely to the senses, that it seems a kind of irreverence to mention the ritual of the day in common language. Silence seems the most fitting tribute to its power upon the soul; but this seeming is a mere sentiment. There is no undue familiarity with sacred things, when we speak of them with simplicity, though our words fall so far short of that which we would wish to convey. To watch the brilliant panorama of Thursday afternoon, the beholder might well suppose that nothing short of an elaborate epic poem could duly describe the pageant. Naturally we would say so, and it is true that no fairer subject could enlist the pen of the poet, or the mind of the sage; yet the heart that bowed to adore at each of the altars erected in the open air, and adorned with the utmost skill that art could command, forgot all these external charms, in the presence of the Eucharistic God, to whom His creatures paid this loving homage. The day was calm and cool, and the music exceedingly fine, as the Rev. Clergy of Notre Dame, several of whom are possessed of

truly magnificent voices, were in the choir of the procession. Very Rev. Father Granger carried the Sacred Species, and Rev. Father L'Etourneau acted as Master of ceremonies. A day not soon to be forgotten was passed by those who assisted at the beautiful procession.

#### Latent Talent.

The proportion of talent which appears, of mental gifts which are put out at interest, is as a single leaf to a vast forest of waving foliage compared with that which never sees the light. The senses are so powerful, the claims of the interior life so easily drowned in their clamor, that "the mind, the spirit, the promethean spark, the lightning of our being," is, as a rule, doomed to a complete slavery, fortunate if, struggling through the waste of human desires and satisfactions, it shall in mercy at length be saved, "yet as by fire."

"Practice makes perfect." It may be a perfect ruin or a perfect success. The perfect sluggard has been formed by habitual sloth just as the perfect scholar has been made by habitual study. Practice of mental exercises, the systematic use of the memory, the will and the understanding is but the bringing out, the development of the latent powers, the existence of which the possessor might have been hitherto completely unaware.

Compare the cultivated with the ignorant. Who can say that, had the advantages been reversed, the *savant* would have been a stupid man and the illiterate a *savant*? In the first we find that the proper conditions have been supplied and corresponded with; the best has been made of the endowments possessed. In the latter they have been neglected, and consequently have died out.

In two members of the same family this contrast is sometimes painfully visible. We need not attempt to illustrate as the truth is patent to every observer. Enter a class-room where the spirit of generous emulation has been thoroughly aroused. How often are we surprised at the exhibition of abilities on the part of those who were before, to all appearance, totally wanting in intellectual endowments! This the teacher, perhaps, has discovered, and she delights in the unexpected growth, just as the florist exults in the opening of some flower he had supposed to be dead. Perhaps a reward has been proposed for the accomplishment of a given task. We see the eye of one who was heretofore indolent kindle with a new light. Her ambition is aroused. What was to her mind a matter of indifference becomes at once of most absorbing interest. Her whole heart is enlisted in the contest for the prize. She is no more the same being, but is all life and animation. Her enthusiasm is communicated to her companions. Her exertions inspire them with a like diligence; and, before we are aware, a complete metamorphosis has taken place in every member of the class. The lately dormant mental abilities are awakened and brought into lively action.

This is but the work of an hour. But the intel-

lectual pleasures of that hour have given a taste for enjoyments above that which she has known before; a new era has begun in her life. Let the same praiseworthy exertions continue for a term of years; during the period, for example, of a respectable academic course, and we find, perhaps, the once sluggish intellect now able to grapple with profound subjects, and possibly to electrify the world by the splendor of uncommon talents.

Repeated instances of such changes are recorded. Minds, at first exhibiting no brightness, and which even experienced unusual difficulty in accomplishing the intellectual tasks that fell to their share, have suddenly cast off their seeming stupidity, and have become the wonder of their companions. Unfortunately, the few last years of academic life,—the most valuable of the course,—though they may meet the high expectations of both parents and teachers, often fall far short of their promise when time applies the test.

In these years, the student breathes an intellectual atmosphere, heretofore completely foreign to her: one invigorating to the spiritual nature, and calculated to temper and subdue the lower inclinations. In these years the higher capabilities of her being are called into energetic play. She finds no satisfaction in diverting occupations. They have grown insignificant in her estimation. Even upon her countenance is depicted the nobler range of her thought. Her disposition to trifle and fritter time away has completely forsaken her.

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul" is her most delightful repast. Such is the life of the true student in the First Senior Class, and in the year when she graduates.

What a pity it is that so frequently, after a few years of post-graduate experience, we find this all changed! that young ladies who were fully awakened to the superior life of the intellectual faculties, the generous aspirations of the last years at *Alma Mater* are lost, forever engulfed in the platitudes and frivolities of common things!

Why should not the graduates, the alumni of our colleges and academies take the resolution to continue the intellectual career so well begun, and carry with them into the active life of the world those mental occupations which, while at school, lifted them out of the mire of unworthy contentment with ordinary achievements?

Were such a resolution taken and earnestly carried out, the present equivocal value set by too many in society upon thorough intellectual attainments would be changed into a just appreciation; for this protest against levity would re-act upon general society. Shallow acquirements would no longer satisfy, but from the first parents would insist upon their children proving diligent pupils. They would co-operate more ardently with instructors, and the vast amount of latent talent which lies dormant in many a young mind would be thoroughly wrought up, and society at large would be greatly benefitted by the high standard of education which would be the natural result.

SOPHIA PAPIN.

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**NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.****L. S. & M. S. Railway.**On and after Sunday, May 11, 1884, trains will leave  
South Bend, as follows:**GOING EAST:**2.04 a.m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main  
Line, arrives at Toledo, 9.20 a.m.; Cleveland, 1.55 p.m.;  
Buffalo, 7.35 p.m.10.54 a.m., Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5.05  
p.m.; Cleveland, 9.42 p.m.; Buffalo, 3.30 a.m.8.41 p.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at  
Toledo, 2.15 a.m.; Cleveland, 6.35 a.m.; Buffalo, 12.45 p.m.11.53 a.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line  
arrives at Toledo, 5.10 p.m.; Cleveland, 9.40 p.m.; Buffalo  
3.30 a.m.5.54 p.m., Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo, 10.00  
p.m.; Cleveland, 1.10 a.m.; Buffalo, 6.40 a.m.**GOING WEST:**2.04 a.m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.56 a.m.  
Chicago, 5.40 a.m.4.28 a.m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.25 a.m.  
Chicago, 8.00 a.m.7.11 a.m., Limited Express. Arrives at Laporte, 7.52 a.m.  
Chicago, 10.10 a.m.1.02 p.m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte,  
2.02 p.m.; Chesterton, 2.47 p.m.; Chicago, 4.30 p.m.4.15 p.m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte,  
5.07 p.m.; Chicago, 7.40 p.m.

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**Michigan Central Railway.**

TIME TABLE—DEC. 9, 1883.

**NILES AND SOUTH BEND DIV.****GOING NORTH.****GOING SOUTH.**

Lv. So. Bend, 9.10 a.m.,	6.05 p.m.	Lv. Niles, 7.00 a.m.,	4.10 p.m.
" N. Dame, 9.18 "	6.15 "	" N. Dame, 7.34 "	4.44 "
Ar. Niles, 9.55 "	6.55 "	Ar. So. Bend, 7.40 "	4.50 "

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